

1927

1926-27





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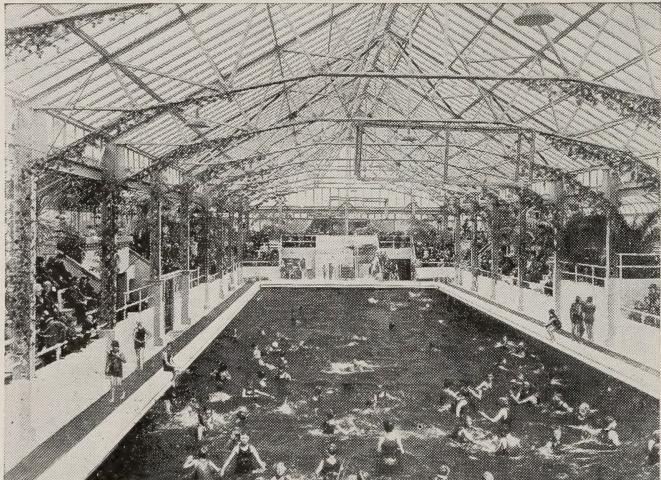
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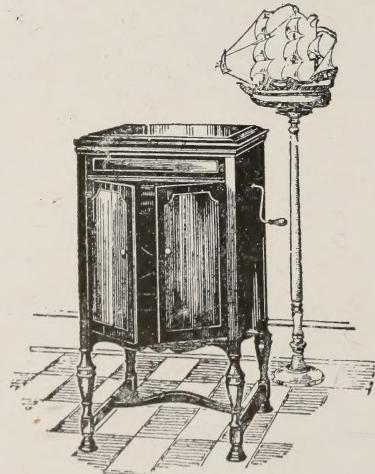
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Victoria
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1926-1927







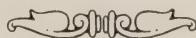
• Dedication •

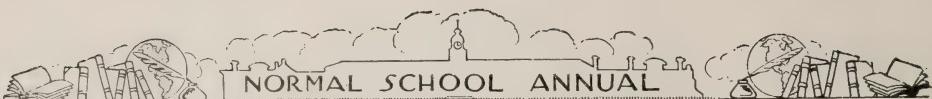
To J. W. Gibson

TO you, sir, as the guiding hand of this institution, we owe much of the success that has been ours during our one brief year of Normal work. In work and play alike, you have been our friend and helper, and we sincerely hope that you have enjoyed your year with us, as we have ours with you.

You have shown us the true meaning of "Teaching," and the value of a true "Teacher." You have helped us, as student teachers, to set our ideals high, and in doing so, have not failed to point out that there will be many difficulties in our way. Already you have assisted us over not a few of these, and have encouraged and filled us with enthusiasm for the future.

To you, sir, in appreciation for what you, as principal, teacher, and friend, have done for us, this "Anecho" is respectfully dedicated.





To the Class of 1926-27

"THE year I attended Normal School" has become for thousands of people a time and place for reference. A teacher may forget a great many things, but no teacher ever forgets the year spent at Normal—and there's a reason. It is a wonderful year. It marks a change in one's outlook—not only upon things educational, but upon the great panorama of life itself. It helps one to know himself more truly than before, thereby enabling him to understand better those whom he would presently teach. It establishes human friendships that time can not dissolve. It marks the entry into the greatest profession of all time, the great work of teaching. It is a period when glorious youth and high idealism join in a noble cause. It is a period of definite preparation for that service which the world most stands in need of—the upbuilding of high standards of moral conduct and truly socialized living.

The call of the hour is for men and women of trained intelligence whose minds are always open to new truth and who are actuated by a spirit of service in the best interests of the community in which they are permitted to serve.

It is a pleasure to have been associated with the 1927 class in the Victoria Normal School. No class could have shown a finer spirit of co-operation and loyalty. In work and in play, in the classroom and on the platform, there has not been wanting evidence of wholeheartedness and of keen discernment which has made school life both pleasant and profitable. That these same admirable qualities may not only be maintained in the years that are to be, but may be strengthened in the professional experience of each and every one, is my earnest wish.

—J. W. GIBSON.



Valedictory

"**T**EACHER!" How different that name seems now! 'Twas but a few years ago when that name recalled a truly wonderful person to our minds. For was not our teacher one to be highly respected and dearly loved, one who always understood and who was never wrong? Alas! what one brief year has done to our idol—we have discovered that "Teacher" is just an ordinary human being after all.

For ten short months we have trodden these halls of learning together. We have grown to love this institution and all its associations. Step by step we've drawn nearer to that pedestal called "Teacherhood," until at last we are standing at the foot looking up at its beauty. Never before have we glimpsed its magnificence as we do this day, and still we have but reached it—touched it only. Time alone will tell when we have become a part of it.

As we pause here to look back, we think again of our childish beliefs and faiths in "Teacher." Have we lost all that faith? Is there not something in that belief to which we may still cling? Yes, I think there is. Is it not our duty now to build to our old belief until we see it grow into actual reality? Until through patience, endurance and love of our work we become to others what "Teacher" has been to us. It is then that we will have twined our whole being into the very heart of that shining monument called "Teacherhood."

The parting bell is ringing. The time for farewells has come. We must start out on our own path, alone—alone in person but not in thought, for with us we will carry the cherished memories of all our Normal days. We can not keep the tears from falling as we bid adieu, for too deeply do we regret that we must part. But in the breaking of such ties as these we are thankful that all can not be taken from us, for—

"When time who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too—
The memories of the past shall stay,
And half our joys renew."



To the Faculty

HOW often have we heard it said, "The students, not the faculty, run this school!" My, how splendid! But we wonder—what if that school were left to continue its work without any teachers! What an institution it would be! How long would it last? And if that school happened to be the Victoria Normal, we ask again—how long **would** it last! There must be a faculty, and fortunate are the students who have such a one as ours.

You have labored under many difficulties in order that we might go forth with a knowledge of the responsibilities our calling places upon us. You have shown us our duties and trained us to be ready for them. You have never failed to give ungrudgingly of your time for our benefit. At all times have you shown us kindness and sympathy, and, above all, you have understood our difficulties. In short, you have gone beyond your ordinary duties—you have done those little things that have helped to make our way easier than it might have been. And for this we thank you sincerely.

We thank you, too, for the pleasures you have helped us to have. Your interest in our play as well as our work is appreciated by every student. We wouldn't like to win a game and feel you were not pleased; we wouldn't want to lose a game and feel you did not understand. We have taken much pleasure, too, in our little parties, Literary meetings, and debates in which you have been so keenly interested.

Though clouds may gather and storms may break, we'll look ever to the silver lining as you in this year of real inspiration have taught us to do. And always we will cherish the happiest memories of our faithful Normal Staff.

To you, the Faculty of the Victoria Normal School for the year 1926-27, we, the student-body extend our appreciation.



H Durnell



Miss G. Riddell



C B Wood



P. S. Freeman



J. W. Gibson, Acting Principal



V. L. Denton



Max L. Barron



Miss K. Scanlan



Miss L. Isbister



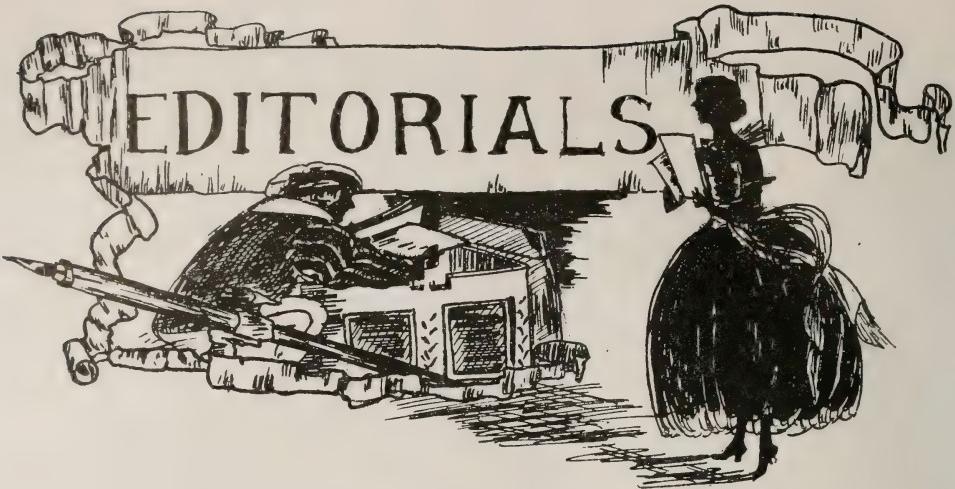
Sgt. Egan



G. Ward



Sgt. Frost



THE Editorial Staff takes this opportunity to thank all those who in any way lent a helping hand towards the success of this "Anecho." You who have sent in contributions; you who have given up a pleasant Saturday to collect "Ads"; you who have given suggestions and helpful criticisms; you have made this paper. If it is a success, and we hope it is, the credit belongs to you. A school paper to be a success must be a home product; for then it is of real interest—it is yours—you are the producers. In this respect the staff of this first "Anecho" has been fortunate in having a talented student-body behind it. We have been both surprised and pleased with the amount and quality of material submitted, and we hope that in the compiling we have not in any way mutilated it.

It is regretful that all the material submitted could not, on account of space, be put in the Annual. We have gone slowly and carefully in choosing the finest material, and if your poem, your story, or maybe your joke, does not appear in these pages, you will understand it is not because it was "no good," indeed no, but just that someone else was able to produce one a little better.

We also wish to express our thanks to Mr. Freeman, who has been our pilot through unknown seas; and to other members of the faculty who have supported us and helped to carry the Annual through.

A great deal of credit belongs to our Business Manager and his assistants, who more than once have been up to their necks in "business troubles," but have come safely out again. In fact, we would say that Mr. Richards has missed his calling—he's a business man all over, from head to foot.

On behalf of the staff I may truthfully say that we have enjoyed our work, and we hope that we have successfully fulfilled that duty which has been entrusted to us, namely, the procuring and compiling of material for this Annual, which holds for all of us the memories of our Normal days together. It has rightfully been named "Anecho," for what more could we wish from our Annual than an echo of the past?

So we apologize for all our mistakes, and make a request that you do not take personal remarks to heart as "slams," for we have not consciously intended them as such. We, the Editorial Staff, humbly submit the "Anecho" of the Victoria Provincial Normal School for the year 1926-1927.

—The Editor.



C. Perry Richards
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-1927-



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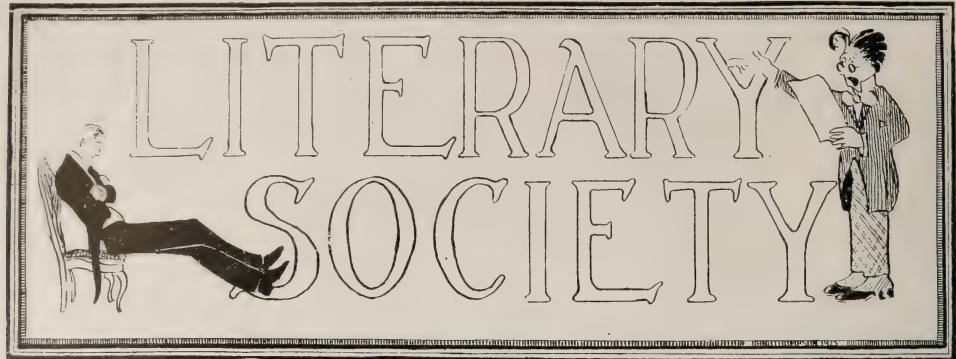
R. K. Bradley
CLASS A REPORTER



Lillian Hammonsley
CLASS B REPORTER



Agnes Michelson
CLASS C REPORTER



MANY and varied, always interesting and ever new have been the Friday afternoon programmes of the Literary Society. Who of us has not looked forward to that pleasant hour and a half, or two hours, at the end of the week when we could sit in the auditorium, and, all the worries and cares of the week forgotten, thoroughly enjoy "Lit"? And in the years to come who of us will not look back with pleasure to those well-spent and memorable hours?

The first meeting of the year was for the purpose of electing officers. Mr. Wilkinson was chosen for president; Miss Hughes for vice-president, and Mrs. Hutcheon for secretary-treasurer.

The members of the executive, with the assistance of some others, gave the first programme of the year, and much of the success of the Society is due to this performance which was so thoroughly enjoyed by the staff and students alike, that it created a liking for and an interest in the Society that never flagged. Of the many interesting programmes that succeeded we can only here mention a few of the most outstanding.

An afternoon with Schubert, arranged by Miss Blackett, was voted a great success. Mr. Downard read an interesting account of the life of the composer, and at intervals during the reading, a few of his best known compositions were rendered by various students.

Miss Farquhar arranged a splendid programme with selections from Gilbert and Sullivan's operas. The story of "The Mikado" as told by Miss Vye was interesting, and the songs from the operas were interpreted in such a fashion as to reveal much talent among the students.

According to custom, with the new term came a new executive. Mr. Duncan became president, Miss Lee vice-president, and Miss Farquhar secretary-treasurer.

During this term the school enjoyed, besides three programmes given by the students, many interesting speeches by visitors. Two programmes were managed by the men of the school, who proved themselves very capable entertainers. The first consisted of a couple of songs and a short play, "The Jest of Hahalaba." The second included songs, dialogues, recitations and sketches. Both programmes were thoroughly enjoyed by the audience, to judge from the applause that issued from the auditorium.

One Friday afternoon Class "C" was in charge of the programme, which was directed by Miss Hughes. The main feature of the afternoon was a humorous play, "Young Dr. Devine." This was so well carried out that the entire audience was convulsed with laughter.



Debating Executive





A very different form of entertainment from any that had previously taken place was a mock trial, arranged by Mr. Wilkinson, with the assistance of the lawyer, Mr. Wootton. This was well planned and faithfully executed, providing all the interest of a real trial, while the result was very satisfactory as the prisoner was found by the jury to be "not guilty."

In closing this account of the Literary Society, we wish to thank the staff for their kindly help and interest in all our endeavors.

May the students who grace the halls of this Normal School in years to come derive as much benefit and enjoyment from their Literary Society as we have from ours. More we could not wish them.

Even

The twilight falls; far in the West the lurid streaks dip down and die;
Like genii wrapped in mystic robes, the gaunt grey clouds sweep down the sky;
Faint twinkling lights, gleam one by one; and on the breeze, now near, now far,
Fitfully toll the evening chimes. In splendour bright one blazing star
Glows in the East.

The day is done. No more is heard the busy shout, the laughter gay,
The toil and pain and strife are all forgot, as dreams that fade away.
With silent feet the night creeps on; in stately calm the pale moon glows;
In yonder copse one songster lone, in melody that sobs and flows,
Heralds the night.

— Winnifred Blacket.

THERE was one day of genuine sorrow among our happy Normal days — the time we first learned that our school secretary and librarian, Miss Lucas, was leaving. Before we came to Normal her fame had reached our ears, and after we reached Normal we spread her fame to other ears. Miss Lucas has proven herself a very necessary friend to every student. As a librarian we could have wished for none better—always patient, willing and smiling. With one voice the students wish you, Miss Lucas, the best of health, happiness and prosperity for the future. Good-bye and good luck!



- MISS LUCAS -
School Librarian and Secretary



Parties

HALLOWE'EN

Our Hallowe'en party was held on October 30. The fun began at seven-thirty o'clock, when the student groups put on various stunts. Most of these were in true Hallowe'en style.

At the conclusion of the stunts a grand march was held. This gave the audience a good view of the various costumes, and enabled the judges to decide the winners.

From the auditorium the crowd then made its way to the large gymnasium where everything was in readiness for dancing. The room was very prettily decorated in black and orange. Under the direction of Miss Riddell, dance music was rendered by the school orchestra.

Many of the guests, who were not dancing, took part in games and contests, while others played cards in the art room.

At eleven o'clock refreshments were served in the art room and in the upper corridor. Here also the prizes for the best costumes were distributed. Soon after this the party broke up with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

* * * * *

CHRISTMAS

On Thursday evening, December 16, the Christmas entertainment was held. Mirth and good cheer reigned supreme, and every moment was thoroughly enjoyed. A one-act play, entitled "The Dear Departed," was the main feature of the programme. Great credit is certainly due to each member of the cast. Before the play Mr. Morse, assisted by a chorus, sang "The Queen's Navy," with very suitable gesticulations. We were then favored with the chorus "Autumn Leaves" by the girls of Class B. Community singing of Christmas carols lent to the gathering the real spirit of Christmas. After the concert in the auditorium all repaired to the gym, where dancing took place, the music being supplied by the "Hoot Owls" orchestra. Later in the evening refreshments were served in the art room, which had been tastefully decorated. No stone was left unturned to give everyone the best possible time, and the committees are to be congratulated on the smoothness with which all arrangements were carried out, and the success of the whole evening.

* * * * *

VALENTINE

One of our most enjoyable parties was that held on Friday, February 18. We gathered in the auditorium at 7.30 to enjoy a short programme. First we were entertained with a piano solo, Chopin's "Polonaise in A Major," by Miss Blackett. Then Miss Hughes recited for us "The House With Nobody In It." A novel feature of the programme was a Tarantella Dance given by Miss Hawkins. All joined in the community singing which concluded the programme, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. We all repaired to the gymnasium to pass the rest of the evening with dancing and games. At eleven o'clock refreshments were served to the tired but happy crowd, and everyone went home well pleased with their evening.



Lights from the Stage

This year we have been fortunate in being able to produce three plays. Much credit belongs to our famous Normal actors and actresses, as well as to Mr. Wood, their director.

"The Dear Departed," having been advertised especially well by the students, the school auditorium was crowded on the evening of December 16. The play was a huge farce and was well acted from start to finish. It provided a very pleasant evening both for the audience and actors. Those acting were Norah Trotter (Mrs. Jordan), Annie Weinberg (Mrs. Slater), Gladys Fotheringham (Vickie Slater), Jack Morse (Mr. Jordan), Harry Downard (Mr. Slater), Mr. Wilkinson (Grandpa).

The students will long retain this in their memory as the time when the "deceased father" "came back." The student-body then went downstairs and completed an enjoyable evening with an informal dance.

On the evening of April 13 the students and their friends again assembled in the auditorium to see their fellow students act in two excellent plays. Both were admirably performed and we suggest that Mr. Wood, along with his cast, go down to Hollywood.

The evening opened with moving pictures of the Great War, after which "The Monkey's Paw" was staged. This was a heavy tragedy and we congratulate those taking part. They were: Miriam Hughes (Mrs. Smith), Mr. Wilkinson (Mr. Smith), Dick Cameron (Herbert Smith), Bob Moore (Sgt.-Major Morris), Harry Hickman (Mr. Sampson).

Miriam Hughes was the most outstanding of the "stars," moving the audience to tears with her interpretation. During the presentation of this play one might hear stifled sobs over the auditorium more than once, which itself speaks for the excellent character of the play and the way in which it was acted.

The high tension of "The Monkey's Paw" was relieved by a comedy, "Ici on Parle Francais." This time the audience wept with laughter. The cast was as follows: Harry Downard (Mr. Spriggins), Norah Trotter (Mrs. Spriggins), Gladys Fotheringham (Angeline Spriggins), Jack Morse (Victor Dubois), Jack Fleury (Major Rattan), Lilla Hammersley (his wife), Annie Weinberg (Anna Maria, the maid).

(N.B.—The thump that Mr. Spriggins received was seen and heard all over the auditorium).

The students express their gratitude to both the players and to Mr. Wood, whose untiring efforts in no small way helped to bring about such a measure of success.

—J. M.

Fleury: "See heah, niggah, you jes make no mo' fun of ma head."

Marrs: "Niggar, dat's no head, das jus' a button on top of yo' body to keep yo' neck from fallin' troo."

He: "I was to a coming-out party last night."

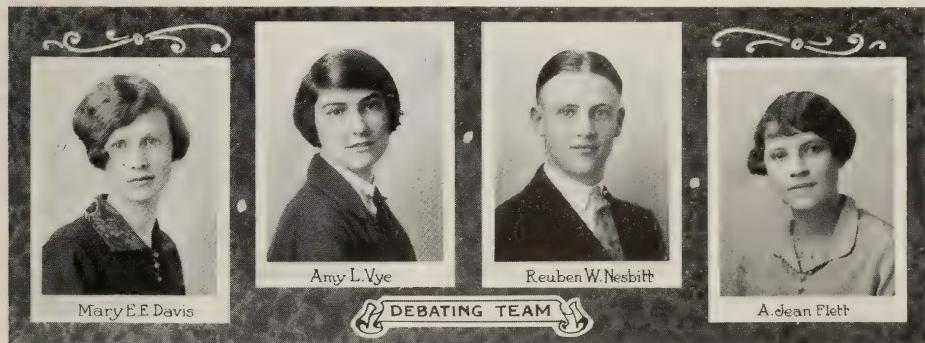
She: "Oh, for how long were you in?"



The Debating Society

We have had several very interesting and highly instructive debates this year, the first of which was held on October 22, 1926, with Mr. Marrs in the chair. The subject was: "Resolved that the Motor Car is Detrimental to the Welfare of a Country," which, as you will all agree, requires much painful deliberation, particularly on the part of the negative. However, that is the proof of a good debater, one who can find convincing arguments for something that he does not believe. The speakers for the affirmative were Miss Davis and Mr. Peake; those for the negative, Miss Vye and Mr. Nesbitt. Miss Isbister, Mr. Denton and Mr. Freeman, acting as judges, gave the decision in favour of the negative, after which everyone breathed freely again.

Our second debate was held November 19, with Mr. Nesbitt in the chair. The subject was: "Resolved that Modern Habits Lead to Physical Degeneration." The speakers for the affirmative were Miss Stephens and Miss Scott;



those for the negative, Miss Campbell and Mr. Marrs. This also was a weighty subject, and the audience received some highly interesting and useful information. Mr. Gibson, Mr. Dunnell and Mr. Wood acted as judges, giving their decision in favor of the negative. "Oh, upright judges!"

These debates have merely been among ourselves. Now we felt ready for what might be termed an international one, held January 28, 1927, between the Victoria College and the Normal. The subject was: "Resolved that the Concentration of Industries is in the Best Interests of Mankind." Observe we have aspired to higher things! Two students, Miss Felton and Mr. Maynard, of the College, supported the affirmative; while Miss Vye and Mr. Wilkinson were delegated to uphold the honour of the Normal. The time allotted to each speaker was twenty minutes, plus a five-minute rebuttal period. Then followed an exciting wordy warfare, to which we listened eagerly. In fact, at times the speakers became almost poetical. Was there not some reference to pretty milkmaids tripping over the daisies? At the close a decision given by a vote of the audience, awarded a victory to the affirmative by five points.

Our next debate was held February 25, with Miss Vye in the chair. She stated that the subject was "Resolved that the Victorian Era was a More



Brilliant Period than the Elizabethan Era." Each speaker was allotted fifteen minutes, those for the affirmative being Miss Benzies and Mr. Downard; for the negative Miss Flett and Mr. Grauer. Both sides took part in the rebuttal, following which the president invited open discussion by persons in the audience. The judges were Miss Isbister, Mr. Freeman, and Mr. Gibson, who, after a considerable lapse of time, caused by a miniature debate amongst themselves, gave their decision in favor of the negative.

On the evening of April 1 (was the date chosen on purpose?) was held what was perhaps the most interesting debate of this year, that between the Vancouver and Victoria Normals. Two teams were chosen from each school, Miss Flett and Miss Vye going to Vancouver. Miss Clark was in the chair and gave a short address of welcome to the visitors. The subject of the debate was: "Resolved that Nationalism is Opposed to World Progress." The affirmative was upheld by the Vancouver team, Miss Richmond and Miss Barron; the negative by our own team, Miss Davis and Mr. Nesbitt. Each speaker was allotted twenty minutes with five minutes rebuttal. The two teams were very evenly matched, and the debate was most enjoyable. Mr. Beckwith, Mr. Gillis, and Inspector Stewart acted as judges, awarding the victory to the Vancouver team. Mr. Beckwith said that on the whole Victoria had the better material, but not quite as good presentation. Forewarned is forearmed! Next time we are going to win! The Victoria team also lost in Vancouver. We congratulate Vancouver Normal on their success.

No mention has been made of the numerous debates held at noon-hour for that very reason: they were too numerous.

But a number of students profited by them, and the instructors were able to gain fair ideas as to which students were blessed with an argumentative mind. Therefore, we think these debates have proved successful, for they have accomplished their purpose.

Visitors to the School

The students have had much pleasure this year in welcoming to the school many interesting visitors, who kindly took part in our activities. Early in the year Captain St. Claire met the student-body and in his two lectures, "Canada, the Ideal and True," and "Canadian Sport," appealed directly to the pride, honor and duty of every Canadian teacher-in-training. Dean Quainton spoke to us about "The Uses and Abuses of the English Language," and Dr. Wilson gave a very interesting discussion on "The League of Nations." Mr. Charles Cook, the Indian entertainer, whom the students had the opportunity of hearing in an extremely interesting and unique programme, satisfied us that we, as the coming generation, still had to think of the place in Canadian citizenship which must be held for its first owners. One of the most pleasurable afternoons was that spent with Dr. Marchand, who, to our delight, aroused again the beauty and romance of the French-Canadian, by singing to us many of their old folk-songs. Just before Easter Major Bullock-Webster spoke on Canadian Drama. Miss McCorkendale, an Australian traveller, gave an interesting lecture on "Temperance, and How It Should Be Taught," and Miss Jean Brown acquainted us with the work of the Junior Red Cross. Miss Van Kirk, in one short afternoon took us through Italy in a beautifully illustrated lecture. These many and varied programmes have given us much pleasure, and we cordially thank those who have participated in them.



NORMAL SCHOOL ANNUAL

It is a Normal Student,
And he stoppeth one of three:
"Come on, fellows, tell the mark
You made in history."

The marks came out by sevens and eights,
They were a brainy crew;
All because they lost the dates
That not one ever knew.

The girls in a great circle sat
With looks like storms a-brewin'.
They did not know where they were at,
Nor what their nerves were doin'.

Their emotions took the lines,
For they all had seen
The dismal tidings of bad luck
On a true and false hygiene.

The lesson days came round about,
With everyone a-cryin',
For well they knew that children small
For knowledge would be dyin'.

The teaching over, home they came
With hearts like balls of lead;
They parked in lines by office doors
For crits which must be read.

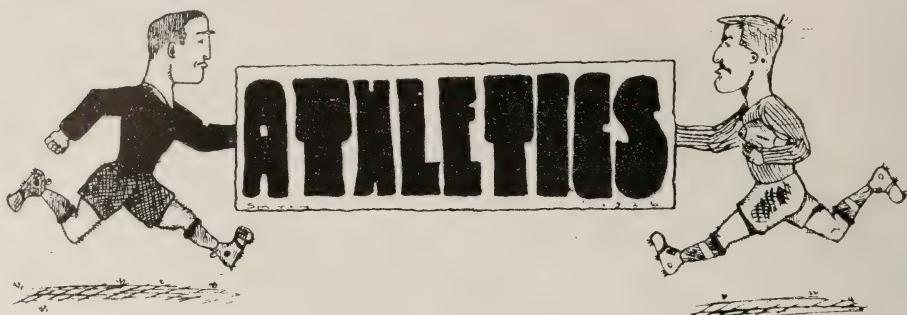
Like people in a dentist's room,
They stood with fear and dread;
One by one the curious crew
Came out with shake of head.

Some so glad and joyous were,
And some not quite so gay,
And some with looks of agony,
Seemed fast to fade away.

So day by day without a break,
They live, and laugh, and suffer,
For well they know that teaching calls
For ones like us, but tougher.

—M. Y. (Longfellow).
(With apologies to Coleridge)

Mr. Denton knows what sort of a Province this is. You simply can't fool him. Why, he told Class C that they were the pick of the Province.



Rugby

EARLY in the school year, in September to be exact, Mr. Denton commenced talking rugby to the boys. Not a few of the ladies wondered what the conferences at dinner hour were about. Everyone wondered more when one fine afternoon about twelve men, in red sweaters, were seen jumping on one another, and trying to burst a little oval-shaped ball by one man lying on it, and then eleven men jumping on him. However, this was our first rugby practice, and under Mr. Denton's able coaching, the raw material rapidly turned into a finished product.

Again this year we were forced, by a shortage of boys, to call on a few ex-Normal men to assist us. Thus was our team completed and made strong.

The team was entered in the Intermediate League, and before it opened two practice games were played. Though Normal lost both of these, yet we were more than repaid by the experience we gained.

The first game in the league was played against College, and on account of our inexperience we were forced to accept a score of 8-3 in favor of College. The next game was played at Duncan. All the cars arrived at the hotel (on their own power, or that of some other car). We changed to our war togs and repaired to the field. The game was very even from start to finish, although at the conclusion we were on the wrong end of an 8-7 score. Brand was unfortunate in having his ankle badly wrenched in this game, and was forced out of the games for the rest of the season.

The next contests were against the University School, Pirates, Brentwood and The Wanderers. In all these games, if our boys had made a few more drop kicks, etc., they would have won, but the fates were against them. By this time people were taking notice of them, and several favorable comments on the sportsmanship of our team, who played hard, no matter what the score was, were heard from the side-lines.

In the second half of the league, we had the breaks, and showed up to better advantage. College once more defeated us, but they surely had to step to do so. Now comes our first win of the season. By dint of hard and tricky play our boys downed the Pirates to the tune of 3-0. In the next game, versus Cowichan, our clever three-man, Parker, was sent to the hospital with a dislocated elbow, and so our chances to win slipped, and we yielded gracefully to defeat. Our next game was at Brentwood. It was only because their boys were better swimmers than ours that they defeated us. Hurn and Lukas showed up to a fine advantage in this game, being right at home in



NORMAL SCHOOL ANNUAL



RUGBY TEAM

Back Row—Nesbitt, Rutherford, Richards, Farenholtz, Waites, Horne, Lukas
Front Row—Mr. Denton (coach), Parker, Morse, Hurn (captain), Fleury, Moore, Gough,
Mr. Wood

the knee-deep mud. Hot cocoa and buns tasted good after our swim, thanks to the Brentwood boys. In our next battle, with the University, the tackling by Fleury was the main feature, but he could not stop 15 men.

In the last game of the season the boys went out to play The Wanderers, leaders of the league. This fact did not worry the boys. The fates, however, were with us, and we downed them by 4-3. They had never been defeated before, although it was coming to them. Everyone worked to his utmost, for we were determined to win. They managed to get over our line in the first half, which only made the boys work harder. The second half started like a million. Our forwards pushed and kicked like a herd of elephants on a rampage. The three-quarters line worked like a well-oiled machine and made run after run. The half-backs and full-back were playing like Trojans. Hurn scored on a beautiful drop-kick and put us one point in front. In the dying moments of the game our opponents made a rally, but could not break through the fifteen who saw victory in their grasp.

Thus ended the season, and there is nothing but praise and compliments coming to the boys who showed themselves to be such exceedingly good sports.

The following constituted the line-up: Forwards, Waites, Fleury, Morse, Sprinkling, Moore, Richards, Aldis, Gough, Grubb, Farenholtz, Rutherford, Horne; three-quarters, Parker, Campbell, Lukas, Eagles; half-backs, Hurn (captain), Lister; Full-back, Nesbitt.



BASKETBALL (MEN)

At the beginning of the term, the president of the Athletic Society called a meeting of the boys to discuss entering a team in the Intermediate A section of the Victoria and District Basketball League. After one or two practices had been held it was readily seen that we could not field a strong enough team to make such an entry worth while. This did not hinder the boys from spending their time on the floor practising, however, with the result that a fairly snappy team was developed.

Our first game was with the College A team, on our floor. It was a hard game, and although the College gained rather a decisive victory, it was only through their superior shooting, not better team play. We next played High School A at the High School. Our boys were completely lost on the large floor and allowed them a 41-8 victory. Even this did not dampen our enthusiasm for the game. We next played the College B team on our own floor. This game was a thriller from start to finish, neither team taking any lead. When the final whistle was blown our opponents were in the lead by two points. Our next game was again with High School, with their B team. Although we were once again defeated, it was not by so large a score. Next followed a series of games on our own floor: High School, 112th Battalion, First Baptists, High School and College were entertained, and although we lost most of these games, that did not worry us.

Our big game was with the Vancouver Normal on March 5. The school turned out en masse to see the game, and they certainly saw a fine one. In this game we were fortunate in having the help of Norm Forbes and Randy Tervo, two ex-Normal boys, and they certainly were a tower of strength to us. The game started off slowly, both teams feeling their way, but things soon livened up, and at half time we were leading by six points. The second half opened up at a whirlwind pace. Both teams were travelling at full speed, and the baskets soon began to roll in, but Vancouver could neither keep up with the speed of our forwards, who were moving at a terrific pace, nor fathom our defence, which was like a stone wall. When the final whistle blew Victoria was in the lead, 31-18.

The season closed with a trip to Sooke, where we engaged with their senior team. But this was just another in Sooke's long string of victories.

As in rugby, the basketball team certainly put Normal on the map as far as sportsmanship was concerned. We played the game merely for the love of it and took both victories and losses alike.

Those on the line-up were: Centre, Rutherford; forwards, Marrs, Lukas, Cameron; guards, Nesbitt, Downard, Fleury.

RIFF-RAFFS vs. TEA-TOTALLERS

It was suggested by someone, at sometime or other, that maybe the boys who didn't play basketball would like to learn, and that the best way to do so would be to put ten new players on the floor and let them fight it out. So somebody organized a team of five boys, called them the "Riff-Raffs," and challenged five other boys to a pitched battle, to take place in the gym im-



mediately after Lit. on a certain Friday afternoon. The other five clubbed together and called themselves "Tea-Totallers,"—"Tea-Totallers" because that day they had heard a lecture on temperance. The challenge was accepted.

Nearly on time the game (?) started. Those of the student-body, who attended, know what it was; those who didn't will never realize what they missed. It was a ripsnorter from start to finish. But this game was comparatively gentle, and not more than ten were killed, maimed or wounded. In due course the other five challenged the first five to a similar battle, under a similar title, in a similar place, at a similar time. If the first game was good, this one was a humdinger. To tell all that happened would be impossible, but the high-lights of the game were when—

- (a) Morse broke a panel in the wall with his head;
- (b) Moore cracked the floor with the same thing;
- (c) Tait shot a basket;
- (d) "Wilkie" stood under the basket and dropped the ball in, and Threatful climbed up his leg to stop him;
- (e) Richards ran the whole length of the floor with the ball, knocking everybody down, and then couldn't stop;
- (f) Duncan tackled the referee and was put off the floor.

Who won either of these games I would not hazard a guess as both teams are still fighting over it (I am not a very speedy runner, anyway). I am sure, though, that I am safe when I thank the teams on behalf of the whole school for the entertainment they provided.

The teams were: Riff-Raffs, Morse, Moore, Wilkinson, Threatful, Duncan; Tea-Totallers, Tait, Richards, Hickman, Grauer, Parker.

BASEBALL

With the closing of the rugby and basketball seasons the interest of the men of the school turned to a new form of athletics, this term expressing themselves in baseball. The men divided themselves into two teams and a number of practice games were played on our diamond in the field below the school. Not a few of the men were quickly noticed as being quite brilliant players, so it was decided to enter a team in the Victoria Softball League. A meeting was held and John Lukas was elected captain. The team was entered in the B section of the league along with five other teams.

The first game was played on May 6 against the Tillicums on the Normal field. A fair number of students turned out to see the Normalites win a 12-11 victory. The next game was played on May 9 at Central Park with the Cameron Lumber Company. By dint of hard play and airtight ball, we managed to win with a 9-8 score. Only these two games have been played up to the present time, but from the form the boys are showing we are conceded a fine chance to win the first half of the league.

The team is composed of: Lukas (captain), Nesbitt, Fleury, Marrs, Ruthe-ford, Downard, Cameron, Emery, Wilkinson and Richards.

Mr. Denton: "In what battle did Wolfe cry, 'I die happy'?"

T. N. T.: "I think it was his last."



BASKETBALL (LADIES)

At a meeting held at the beginning of the school year it was decided that, as in previous years, the school must be represented in the Victoria & District Basketball League. When the first practice was announced quite a number of the ladies turned out. They were immediately set to work, but oh!—they were from all parts of the Province and all played a different style ball! We were fortunate, however, in having such a fine coach as Mr. Oswald Taylor, while Mr. Downard undertook the duties of manager. Wednesday was



LADIES' BASKETBALL TEAM

Mr. Downard (manager), Godderis, Campbell, Margaret Harris, Mabel Harris (captain) Mahoney, Jeffers, Stevens, Weinberg, Mr. Dunnell

selected as practice day, but almost any evening four or five girls, with the manager, were seen on the floor practising passing and shooting.

Eventually all was set and the team was entered in the Senior A division of the league. Several practice games had been played and our team showed up exceedingly well. The first league game found us lined up against the Victoria College entry. The girls played a whirlwind game and were on the long end of a 20-8 score when the final whistle blew. Let me say to the student-body that their team played well, and showed themselves worthy of much better support. Our next game was with the Scarlet Runners, Thompson Cup winners of the previous season, and our girls surprised everyone by taking the Runners into camp to the tune of 16-7.

Our next game was the game which brought out the sportsmanship of the girls. When the half-time whistle blew the girls were leading the Co-



mates by four goals. In the second half play was rough, and the superior weight of their opponents told on the girls, with the result that they allowed the Comates the game with an 18-14 score.

The last game of the first half was postponed until after Christmas, so the Normalites were in second place at this time.

After the Christmas vacation the team once more went into strenuous training. But troubles never visit one singly! First, our worthy coach was laid up with lumbago, which confined him to his bed for a considerable period. Then our hard-working, speedy, little forward, Marguerite Godderis, had to give up the game on account of a strained leg; and very shortly after, our stalwart guard, "Stevie," was forced off with a strained back. However, with the manager acting as coach, and reserves filling the vacancies, we struggled along, and very nearly succeeded.

On meeting the Y.M.C.A. ladies' team we won with a score of 18-6. Our next game, with College, was a very closely checked game, but we were again successful, winning by a lone point, score 10-9. The Scarlet Runners succeeded in turning the tables on us in the next game and defeated us, 13-8.

Our next meeting, with the Comates, ended with Comates 11, Normal 9. We closed the season with a decisive win over the Y.M.C.A. ladies, the score being 12-3 in favor of Normal. At the conclusion of the second half of the league we were tied for second place, which may be considered an excellent showing considering all the difficulties we overcame.

Our next game was with the Vancouver Normal School, and although our girls played a splendid game, the Vancouver girls were superior shooters and won by 12-6. Congratulations, Vancouver! The basketball season closed for the school with a trip to Sooke, B.C., where we played the Sooke "Redwings." After a hard battle we won by 12-8. After the game we were royally entertained at supper and a dance.

The team takes this opportunity of thanking first, Os Taylor, the coach, and secondly, Harry Downard, the manager, who gave both their time and energy in coaching the team.

The personnel of the team was: Forwards, Marguerite Godderis, Annie Weinberg, Marjorie Campbell; centre, Mabel Harris (captain); guards, Marie Mahoney, Eileen Stevens, Beatrice Jeffers, Margaret Harris.

THE SWIMMING CLASS

Lesson plans, criticisms and exams were all forgotten when the members of the swimming class plunged into the pool at the Crystal Garden.

Owing to the interest and consideration of Mr. Gibson and Miss Isbister these classes were arranged. Nearly all the girls of the Normal became members of either the Junior Class or the Life-Saving Crew. The former consisted of those who were unable to swim when the class began but were anxious to learn. The latter included those who were able to swim and dive (?) and thus qualified for taking the life-saving course.

Up until February 1 Mr. Brandreth was our instructor. Under his instruction the girls gained a fine start, as well as having a good time, for the work which Mrs. Brandreth carried on after her husband found it



necessary to discontinue his classes. Under Mrs. Brandreth the girls advanced very satisfactorily.

In addition to the swimming classes at the Crystal Garden, the girls had land drill classes at the Normal. The object of these classes was in preparation for the forthcoming examination, in which the girls tried for the life-saving certificate and medallion. Of the nineteen girls who tried the examination, all were successful. They were Misses Chattell, Edgcumbe, Farquhar, Field, Fox, Fotheringham, Godderis, Mabel Harris, Margaret Harris, Harrison, Hanna, Hepburn, McKowan, Newcomb, Nixon, Pollard, Pringle, Reaney, Yard.

The members of the swimming class heartily thank those who made these classes possible. Not only did the girls receive excellent training, but they had loads of fun—an essential thing in the life of anyone.

—G.M.F.

Ode to the P.N.S. Rugby Team

1926 - 1927

Oh! where is that big sheik, Bob Moore,
Who played in that forward rank of yore?
He always imagined he was going to score,
And came out of the game covered with gore.
Old Lukas was there with his lovely growl,
When the opposing team scored he began to scowl.
He grasped the ball and made a dash,
And through the opposing line did crash.
Oh! where is that brilliant marker, Parker?
They had to form a scrum perforce,
And then his shorts were sewn by Morse.
The "C. P. R." came thundering by
And almost registered a try.
Oh! nothing worries the "C. P. R."
He's a born player, so there you are.
And the girls yelled, "Hurrah for Jack!
Hurrah for the little half-back!"
And, to be sure, there was "Fat,"
Who slid in the mud, and fell on his back;
"And now," he thought, "I'm in a box,
I've ruined my good, bright orange socks!"
Oh, "Fat" was there, you bet! he was there,
As the opposing side would swear.
Bill Farenholtz, the youth who chose
In the midst of the game to pull up his hose.
But, oh! the havoc that he wrought,
As down to the ground his man he brought.
And now farewell to the grand old team
That loved to make the girlies beam,
And hardly won a game, I ween.

—R. M. and J. M.



TENNIS AND PING-PONG

About the first words most of the students said when they arrived at Normal was, "Oh, goodie! They have excellent tennis courts," and within the first two or three weeks a large number of students had given them a try-out and pronounced them as being in A1 shape. Up until about the middle of November the courts were in constant use, but shortly after this time heavy rains drove the players indoors, and the courts were closed for the winter.

But the players were taking care that they did not get out of practice, for, thanks to last year's class, there were two ping-pong tables in the basement, and in double-quick time these were brought into use. During any spare moments enthusiastic ping-pong players were to be seen furiously batting a little white ball from end to end of the table and performing strange antics, such as we learn in drill, chasing the ball. Several of the staff were noticed performing in the same manner. A tournament was planned and those who attended it had a very enjoyable time.

With the coming of the spring weather the tennis courts were re-opened, the students went outside to play, and the ping-pong tables were pushed back in the corner, deserted. Numerous students, who before were unable to play tennis, are now progressing favorably under the able coaching of the more experienced players. A tournament will be held before the close of the school year.

The Library

Imagine the Normal School without a library! Yes! Just imagine it. Why, when lesson assignments such as "Show the important events of Henry VII.'s reign," or "Horse-tails and Mushrooms" come in, the students just fly to that library for help as a rat rushes for the cheese. The library is supposed to contain, according to the students' idea, information on anything and everything. Miss Lucas is regarded as a walking encyclopedia. It's "Miss Lucas, where can I find information on this, that, or the other thing?" and she never fails us. We take refuge in the library at noon, before school, and after school, and by absorbing some of its contents endeavour to improve our minds. Yes, indeed, the Normal School would be a sad place without a library.

—G. M. F.

"Anecho"

To distinguish our Annual from other P. N. S. Annuals, we, this year, decided to christen it. So soon after the work for the Annual began, we offered a prize for the best name submitted. About sixty were handed in; of these the six best were chosen and submitted to the student-body for ballot vote. The resulting name was "Anecho," submitted by Miss Dorothy Mohr. The name, we feel, is indeed suitable, for should not our Annual be a real echo of this memorable year? To those who in following years will walk these halls of learning, we humbly ask that "Anecho" be the name of the Annual from year to year, and thus our purpose in naming it will be fulfilled. We thank you!



Personals

Class A

ALBION, MARGARET I. (Nelson)

Her laughing brown eyes bespeak her happy and energetic nature.

ANDREWS, JENNIE (Victoria)

A sweet disposition with a pair of roguish eyes—that's Jennie, who stayed with us only till Christmas.

BEANE, MAY (Victoria)

A quiet joker and—"Oh! May—give me a lift!" May is one of our B.A. students.

CAMPBELL, MARJORIE J. (Esquimalt)

"A smiling nature behind a beaming face." Marj. is a member of the representative basketball team, and always lends a helping hand to everyone.

CHATTELL, RHODA E. (Victoria)

"Small and dark, sincere and true,
Thorough in everything she'd do."

CLARK, JANET (Prince Rupert)

"For e'en though vanquished, she could argue still." What ho! Nanette. Class A's debating representative, whose dignity tides her over the worst of "Trials."

CLIFF, ANNA M. (Victoria)

"A clever head and clever hand,
When help is needed—come to Anne."

DAVIS, MARY E. E. (Revelstoke)

You all know Mary. Besides other things she is Literary Representative and one of our star pianists. Mary is also one of our star debaters and oh, what a rooter!
"But Mr. Denton, Revelstoke IS a city."

EDGECUMBE, L. JOYCE (Vancouver)

"Her psychology mark hath made her famous." Joyce is a brilliant psychology student, clever writer of children's stories, and worthy Literary Editor.

EVERETS, GLADYS A. (Vernon)

(Proving that good things often come in small packages).
Favorite occupation: Keeping track of her sewing material.

FLINT, PEARL (Salmon Arm)

Pearl joined us after Christmas and since that time has become a popular friend of all.

GILES, MARJORIE V. (Sooke)

"And gladly wolde she lerne, and gladly teche."
We have at least one model worker in Marjorie.

HARRIS, MARGARET and MABEL (Victoria)

"The Heavenly Twins."
"Oh, where and oh where have our lesson plans gone?
Oh, where in the world can they be?
For Mabel's are Margaret's, and Margie's are Mabe's,
Oh, where in the world can they be?"

HELGESEN, LILLIAN (Sooke)

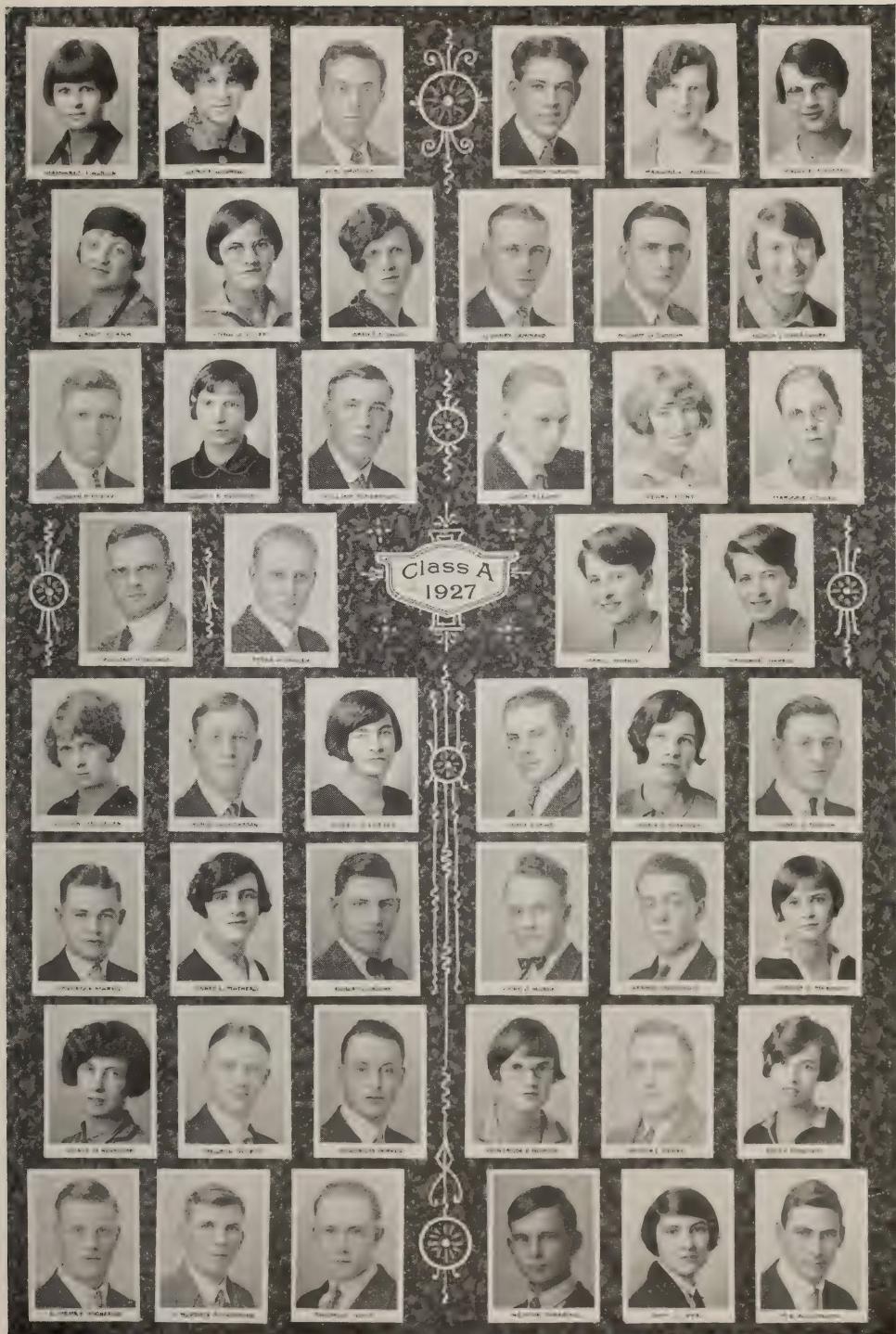
"Lil" is Class A's blondy and a strong pillar in inter-class basketball.
Favorite period: Drawing (?)

LEEMING, MARJORIE (Victoria)

One of our B.A. students and one of the best sports a school could have.

LOFTUS, VIOLET S. (Kamloops)

"When Irish eyes are smiling
Sure they steal our hearts away."
Antipathy: Geography, crits and projects.





MAHONEY, MARY E. (Penticton)

"A winning way, a pleasant smile, that's Marie."
A star basketball player. Pet expression: "Blah!"

MATHERS, AGNES L. (Sandspit, Queen Charlotte Islands)

Although Agnes has been with us only a short while, our impressions are of the very best. Good luck, Agnes!

McKOWAN, DOROTHY C. (Cranbrook)

We want to know—how Dorothy made her butterscotch, which, flavored of lemon, had the odour of peppermint, looked like string beans, and tasted like—we didn't care to find out.

NEWCOMB, DORIS M. (Victoria)

Curly hair, big, brown eyes, jolliest smile and a great pal.
Glad to know you, Doris.

PATMORE, GERTRUDE E. (Cranbrook)

Gertrude, editor of "Anecho," and a member of Class A, has surely proved herself a most energetic and willing worker. With her smiling personality who could help but love and admire our "Trudy"?

PROCTER, EDITH (Squirrel Cove, Queen Charlotte Islands)

The lucky student who never had to wash dishes. She's a good sport, is Edith.

VYD, AMY L. (Victoria)

It seems that even a good debater may have a horror of mice!
"Where's all that noise coming from?"

BRADLEY, R. K. (Duncan)

A member of the immortal male quartette and a hard worker as Class A's "Anecho" reporter.

CAMERON, GORDON (Dick) (Victoria)

Our curly-haired and handsome banjo-player—and, girls, have you seen him dance?

DOWNARD, J. HARRY (Victoria).

Hats off to you, Harry! His ever willing and helpful hand has made him one of our most popular students. But, Harry, we'd advise you to steer clear of French (?)

DUNCAN, WILLIAM S. (Fernie)

"Is not this a rare fellow, my lord?" (Objection overruled).
As President of the Lit., a member of the Riff-Raffs and our one and only judge, Bill has shown how capable he can be in any situation.

EMERY, JOSEPH P. (Victoria)

"He never lacks an answer at his need."
We wonder if playing ping-pong produces a psychology bump. Seems so in Joe's case.

FARENHOLTZ, WILLIAM (Nelson)

"O keep me innocent, make others great."

Bill's a jolly good rugby player even though he is quiet in that back seat.

FLEURY, JACK (Nelson)

John Wesley Addison is a rugger and basketball enthusiast and occasionally dips into psychology.

"Music hath its charms (?)"

GRAUER, PETER H. (Revelstoke)

"If Nature hath gifted a man with the powers of argument, he hath a right to make use of them."
Our most impassioned young orator. Also a gallant on the gym floor.

GEORGE, WILLIAM H. (Somewhere in Wales)

Occupations: Typing his lesson plans, taking notes in shorthand, warbling and drinking cocoa (?)

HICKMAN, HARRY W. (Vernon)

"Master! Master!" Should be on the stage, not teaching. Say, just where were you, Harry, on February 29, 1924?



LUKAS, JOHN (Fernie)

"Two-Gun" excels in all sports—rugby, basketball, baseball, and wrestling with Sir Arthur. Johnnie is captain of the soft-ball team.

MacDONALD, VERNON (Sandon)

Mac is a hard worker and takes his ping-pong seriously. But say, the farmers had better look out for their chickens, "Yaas."

MANSON, "NICK" (Cortez Island)

"Nick! you stayed such a very short while,
I don't think you gave us a very fair trial."

MARION, LIONEL J. (Dawson Creek)

"He's just what he is,
What better report?
A boy, a good student,
A friend, a good sport."

MARRS, LAVEROCK (Revelstoke)

Better known as "Levy."
"Mr. Mabs is a shiek, and likes to play
Basketball, ping-pong, and chew gum all day.
Foh who can blame de pooh niggah bloke
F'apperceptioning de plantation at Revelstoke?"

MATHEWS, RAYMOND (Victoria)

Our "wandering minstrel," who, at the beginning of the year was our guide in the sense of direction.

MOORE, ROBERT J. (Creston)

A star rugby player and debater. And, Bob, as Don Roderigo Algernon Alceste Cyrano de Bergerac you sure made a hit with the senoritas.

MORSE, JOHN J. (Vernon)

Name: Jackie.
Description: Short and sweet, Un Francais a la mode.
Hobbies: Singing and acting.
Favorite Expression: "Mais Oui, Monsieur."

NESBITT, REUBEN (Penticton)

A member of the representative debating team, a basketball and rugby enthusiast.
"You've waked me too soon,
I must slumber again."

PARKER, HOWARD M. (Slocan)

The backbone of the rugby squad. Oh! he's not as quiet as you think, girls.

PEAKE, ARTHUR L. (Nanaimo)

"A man well versed in scientific lore and Nature's wonders."
We wanta know where that mouse is.

RICHARDS, C. PERRY (Vernon)

"One who never shirks,
Who waits and watches and works."
Perry is our court clerk and hard-working Business Manager.

RUTHERFORD, MURDOCK J. (Revelstoke)

Common name: Murdie.
Head: Brainy.
Habits: Changed somewhat.
Haunt: No. 4 street car.

TAIT, THOMAS (Nelson)

"I'm a little Nelson flower,
Growing wilder every hour."
"T.N.T." is a worthy member of the Tea-Totallers and a brainy member of Class A.

THREATFUL, NESTOR (Revelstoke)

Caesar hails from that Mt. Paradise called Revelstoke and believes that "Silence is the best noise."

WILKINSON, P. E. (Victoria)

"A gentleman whose fame
Can not be told in words or tongue."
We admire Wilkie's loyal school spirit. He was President of the Literary Society before Christmas and did much to make our school functions successful.



Class B

ANDERSON, EDNA A. (Enderby)

Has a keen sense of humour. In drill she is just like the son about whom his mother said, "They are all out of step but Willie."

BENZIES, FRANCIS (Nelson)

Class B's red-headed rip.
"She's just what she is,
What better report,
A girl, a good student,
A friend, a good sport."

BLACKETT, WINNIFRED (Victoria)

Her musical talent has helped to make many a pleasant hour for us. As well as a composer Winnifred is a poetess.

BROWN, ETHEL (Victoria)

"Shy as a mouse, and quiet is she,
But just as wise as she can be."

BUTLER, KATHLEEN (Kaslo)

"Did you ever see dimples and smiles,
This little girl has them by miles,
With jet black curls
All in twists and whirls,
She captures us all with her wiles."

CLIFFORD, HILDA (Alberta)

"Hilda's our little five foot two,
If you don't know her, you ought to do,
She's full of sunshine, fun and glee—
She's sure some girl is Hilda C."

COBB, MARGUERITE M. (Kamloops)

Marguerite is our smiling light from the sand dunes—always sweet natured and happy.

CRAMPTON, HENRIETTA L. (Saanichton)

Her demure, studious conduct is one of our quiet, calm spots in Class B.

DE LEENHEER, YVONNE (Prichard)

"A fair-haired maid with eyes of blue,
An artist true, right through and through;
All the students think she's fine,
And as a teacher just watch her shine."

DIROM, MARGUERITE A. (Duncan)

Tall and dark, and a hard worker. She intends to become a drill teacher some day.
Good luck, Marg.

EASTON, MARY (Fernie)

"A smile for all, a welcome glad—
A jovial, coaxing way she had."
Her advice to all is "Laugh and grow fat."

FARQUHAR, E. LORRAINE (Nova Scotia)

"For those who know thee not
No words can paint;
And for those who know thee
All words are faint."
We'll always remember your work as a pianist, Lorraine.

FLETT, A. JEAN (Cranbrook)

Jean was on the Rep. Debating Team which went to Vancouver. She is an excellent worker, and always "thorough in everything she'd do."

FOTHERINGHAM, GLADYS M. (Nelson)

"We must admit she has stolen our hearts,
Stolen them quite away.
Why feel so sad?
Let's talk to "Glad,"
And our troubles can not stay.
Class representative, comrade, spur,
We give three cheers and a fourth for her."





NORMAL SCHOOL ANNUAL

FOX, KATHLEEN N. (Salmon Arm)

Who is this merry maid, pray?
Do we know? We'll say so!
She's a jolly good sport,
That's Kay!

GODDERIS, MARGUERITE J. (Cranbrook)

As a good sport, and with her cheery smile, our secretary of the Athletic Society
fills no small place in the activities of the Normal School.

GUINAN, MARY B. (Princeton)

Mary is our little Irish colleen.
"Oh! the world is glad and full of cheer;
Would it be so glad were you not here?"

HAMMERSLEY, LILLA M. (Victoria)

"So slender, so fair, so neat,
All in all she's hard to beat."
("Where e'er she found a stranger, she left a friend").

HARRISON, HARRIETTE B. (Wistaria)

"Fair-haired Polly seeks a name
In the ranks of teaching fame;
With plenty of pep,
She'll make them keep step,
And give them some good points on the game."

HARTE, KATHLEEN (Victoria)

Kay is an all-round friend and good sport. Her jolly smile reaches its broadest
expanse on the tennis court and at the ping-pong tables.

HAWKINS, EDITH (Rossland)

"The fairies make shoes, so they say,
Which causes one to dance all the day;
A girl brought a pair
At Vanity Fair,
And started to dance straightway."

HAYWARD, HELEN (Victoria)

"There was a soft, a pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face
That suited well the forehead high,
The eye-lash dark, the downcast eye."

LEE, B. MARION (Ucluelet)

Marion brought with her to Normal the gayest of dispositions, the jolliest smile,
and a pair of laughing brown eyes. When you need help in the classroom, on the
stage, or anywhere at all, she will be there to help you.

MADER, SOPHIE (Galloway)

"Oh, isn't it perfectly grand
To live in this beautiful land!
For when she is there
We need have no fear
That our "T" score we'll not understand."

MOHR, DOROTHY (Wistaria)

"Do you know that demure little lass
Who sits at the back of the class?
She's always attentive,
With memory retentive,
We know that she'll make a good pass."
Dorothy claims the honour of naming the "Anecho."

MacGREGOR, ISABEL (Tootsie) (Revelstoke)

In Class B there's no one much sweeter,
For an all-round sport you can't beat her;
She's jolly and gay,
We'll say she's O.K.,
You can count yourself lucky to meet her.

McLEOD, ELEANOR (Victoria)

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone;
So let Eleanor's smile all your sorrows beguile
And give up your tears without moan."



NIXON, ISOBEL (Trail)

"In her hand she carries Raphael's skill"—an artist from top to toe—even in the art of being late.

OAKLEY, MERLE (Kamloops)

Merle has indeed proved herself a friend in need for many of the Literary afternoons and social functions.

"All that ever was joyous and clear and fresh thy music doth surpass."

POLLARD, BETTY M. (Victoria)

Every morning, rain or shine, we see Betty laboriously peddling up the hill—nobly does she excell in this art.

PRINGLE, EDITH (Armstrong)

Great problems of mental sphere;
Edith will solve them all, that's clear..
Psychology—
Physiology—
Now and then, and there and where.

REANEY, BARBARA M. (Victoria)

"Questions, Questions, Questions,
That's my middle name;
The kids all think I'm crazy,
But I'm clever just the same."

ROBILLARD, MARGUERITE I. (Kamloops)

A quiet but energetic wonder—
"Strong minds are often those of which the noisy world hears least."

RUTHERFORD, RUBY M. (Revelstoke)

A shy young lady from Revelstoke, whom we suspect of being "wondrous wise." The smile which she has for everyone reveals her sunny disposition as well as her dimples.

SHOPLAND, DOROTHY S. (Galiano Island)

Jolly and happy, Dot doesn't even let Normal worry her. It will be a lucky class which has this dusky maiden for "Teacher." Good luck, Dot!

SMITH, LILLAH (Ladysmith)

The only flower we have from Ladysmith. We are sure Lillah's pupils will be well taught—at least in primary work.

SUTHERLAND, CHRISTINE (Cumberland)

"There's a flame in her eye,
There's a flame in her hair;
There's a flame in her temper
That signals 'Beware!'"

TROTTER, NORAH M. (Victoria)

What would we do without our bit of Irish Blarney? She's Athletic Representative for Class B. A good debater, and as for acting—well, we'll never forget "Aunt Lizzie" or "Mrs. Spriggins."

WEINBERG, ANNIE (Victoria)

"In all the plays she takes her part,
With all her friends she shares her heart;
In sports and music quite as good,
We would not change her if we could."

WILSON, RUTH I. (Victoria)

"When the morning's dark and rainy,
And your head has nothing in it,
Just go to Ruth, the brainy,
She'll fill it in a minute."

WINGER, AMEY (Penticton)

Amey's happy disposition suggests:—
"Begone dull care! I prithee begone from me!
Begone dull care! thou and I shall never agree."



NORMAL SCHOOL ANNUAL

YARD, MABEL F. (Esquimalt)

Our locker-room comedian, Mabel is a popular member of the student-body, and lucky will be her pupils.

HALLIWELL, MARGARET

"From England's delightful domain
She has come here our children to train,
In the wisdom and lore
Of the sages of yore,
And the virtue that thrives on the plain."

HUTCHEON, LOUIE E. (MRS) (Victoria)

Words can not tell what place Mrs. Hutcheon occupied in our school and still holds in our hearts and thoughts.

Class C

BARRIE, MARION O. (Nanaimo)

One of the wise members of the industrious C's, and one who has still refrained from the lure of the barber's shears.

BAYNE, AUDREY (Nanaimo)

"She is just that quiet kind whose nature never varies."

BECK, ANNIE M. (Nanaimo)

"She ain't the talkin' kind; she's the doin' kind."

BLACKBOURNE, LILLIAN M. (Kamloops)

Lillian is almost as small as her fiddle, but that doesn't make any difference to the music.
"She's a bonny wee lass."

BOURGEOIS, YVETTE (Nelson)

"I want to know."

She is one of those quiet, unassuming kind; but we know that she is there.

BROWN, SADIE (Cumberland)

"Fulla pep"—petite and plenty to talk about. That's wee Sadie. Tho' she is buried in the back seat she manages to get a word in always.

BURGESS, FLORENCE M. (Victoria)

You can always rely upon Florence's beaming smile, which radiates to the farthest corners of the room.

CARLE, MARIE O.

"Ye are sae grave
Nae doubt ye're wise."

CHUBRA, EMMA (Fernie)

Energy
Makes
Me
Able

DILLEY, FLORENCE (Nakusp)

Florence is Class C's Lit. Representative. Her many talents and winning ways cause her to be in great demand.
"With Flo as a pal the world is gay,
With her winsome smile and carefree way."

DRASCHING, RUBY E. (Enderby)

Ruby is our morning glory. Her favorite pastime is labouring up the hill to arrive at school at 8.15.

FARINA, PAULINE A. (Kamloops)

The least we can say about Pauline is that originality is the keynote to her character.
"E'en though vanquished, she could argue still."

FIELD, VIOLET C. P. (Revelstoke)

Violet Field's an industrious maid,
She behaves herself, but she's not too staid;
She sure can sew and make fine clothes,
And that is half a Normalite's woes.



FISHER, MARJORIE S. (Grand Forks)

Marjorie's second name is Serene,
It suits her very well, I ween:
A sweet, good-natured girl is she,
As everyone will quite agree.

HARPER, IVY K. (Salmon Arm)

Ivy is one of the fairest in the class, and is a member who goes to make it a success.
Oh, those dimples.

HANNA, MARY E. (W. Summerland)

"Full of pep and vim, life is never dim."
Mary is blessed with many true friends and she is deserving of them all.

HENRY, SARAH C. (Kaslo)

"She's little, but she's wise,
She's a terror for her size."
Favorite pastime: Sliding down the banisters.

HEPBURN, JANET E. (Victoria)

"What ho! a maiden fair with eyes of bluish hue."
Favorite Pastime: Driving Lizzie.
Favorite Occupation: Giving lifts to morning laggards.

HORBURY, ELIZABETH (Cumberland)

Demure, sweet, Beth is certain to meet success in her chosen line.
"A violet by a mossy stone."

HUGHES, MIRIAM C. (Nelson)

"A girl she is, to all her classmates dear."
Always has Class C's interests at heart, as well as that of the whole school.
There are few activities in the school which have not felt Miriam's guiding hand.

JANOS, ANNIE M. (Fernie)

"You must take me as I mean—not as I say."

JEFFERS, BEATRICE M.

Bea is a member of our "Rep" Basketball Team—and some player too!
"She makes the dark days bright
And the bright days brighter yet."

JONES, MABEL E. (Cumberland)

"A merry heart and full of fun,
In mischief she ranks second to none."
Mabel is small, but that does not say she is not active—not at all!

KERR, IRIS M. (Victoria)

Iris is as good-natured and generous as she is tall. Yes, she, too, has the hand of an artist.

MARION, M. ODILA (Dawson Creek)

"Nothing fails to which I set my hand,
I do my most and best."

MITCHELL, DORIS E. (W. Summerland)

"A smiling nature behind a beaming face." Doris is our psychology shark.

McKENZIE, AGNES (Michel)

"Nan" is another of our song-birds, and "Anecho" reporter for Class C.
"Where d'you get those eyes?"

MacKENZIE, EDNA L. (Dawson Creek)

"You look so learned and so wise," and we do not think her looks belie her.
Edna's critical faculty is well developed and she is a conscientious student.

McMURRAY, M. ELIZABETH (Nanaimo)

"Her eyes are with her thoughts, and they are far away."
"She listeneth much and keepeth still."

McSTAY, ROSINA R. (Merritt)

Rosina has a permanent way,
And if you know her true,
You will never rue
The day she came to stay.



NOWATZEK, MARY I. (Salmon Arm)

"She laughs and we all laugh with her,
She weeps, but not alone;
She knows the rule about the grin,
And she preaches 'to break it is sin.'"

PAVLIS, HELENA A. (Roseberry)

A cheerful and capable member of Class C. Her studies are her first thought.

QUAYLE, ANN J. S. (Ladysmith)

"One who never shirks,
Who waits and watches and works."
"A kindly smile for all she lent."

REDOULES, YVONNE J. (Fernie)

Hark! I hear her footsteps approaching! Our staunch doorkeeper. Yvonne's silvery voice is appreciated when it comes to singing."

SCOTT, EVALINE (Oyama)

"Scottie's" good humour and willingness have made her a popular member of Class C.

SPILLER, GIZELLE W. (Fauquier)

As merry as the day is long.
"Indeed, she had a sparkling eye,
But who can tell for whom it sparkles?"

STENDER, MABEL L. (Cranbrook)

Mabel is a good hustler, and always pulls her end through.
At the beginning of the term Mabel was Class C's Literary Representative.

STEPHENS, AILEEN (Prince Rupert)

"Wit, wisdom and humour in her meet,
But the humour steps forward when she takes a back seat."

SYMONDS, DORIS (Trail)

"Still waters run deep."
We are all sure that Doris' perseverance will gain success for her in the teaching profession.

WALKER, SALLY C. (Enderby)

O Sal!
"A dainty lass with many a wile,
A slender form and many a smile."

WINGER, FLORENCE (Courtenay)

When it comes to map drawing, Florence is a genius. Ask Mr. Denton.

YOUNG, MARGARET B. (Merrit)

"Looks are deceiving."
When it comes to teaching, Peggy can equal anyone!

Class A Song

(To the tune of "Mary Lou")
Class "A," Class "A";
Hear them say "Class A";
All the schools in the city
Are waiting for you,
And all the teachers
Are planning pretty lessons
All for "A," Class "A."
Won't you step right up this way?
Why, every town around is waiting
To start its educating,
When you say "I'm here,"
Class "A."



The Third Call

THE little sporting shop has always been a place of interest to me. Not because of the guns and fishing rods which hang about the interior, and whisper of the great outdoors that I loved so dearly, but because I have learned to go there, expecting; expecting to be entertained, and to know that always my expectations will be realized.

So it was that only a few days ago I wandered through the narrow open doorway. At first I thought the room inside was vacant of any other human occupant, and, concealing my disappointment, proceeded to entertain myself in examining the numerous trophies which lend so much to the atmosphere of the shop. But it was not long before I was conscious that I was not alone.

A slight movement, and I perceived a strange-looking creature sitting almost motionless inside a large iron cage a few yards away. As I walked closer I saw that it was a great horned owl, and I noticed that his head was turned to one side as though something was attracting his attention in that direction. Finally I discovered the source of his interest. His captor was cutting a large slice of raw meat into small pieces. The bird was evidently about to partake of his breakfast.

Without a word of salutation to me, the old man, seemingly unconscious of my existence, balanced one of the bits of meat on the end of a ramrod, and guided it through the bars of the cage towards the bird, which snatched it greedily in his beak and, rolling his yellow eyes, swallowed it whole. This continued until the meat had entirely vanished, and then as one sometimes scratches the ears of a dog to gain his affection, the old hunter scratched the owl's body with the end of the ramrod, to the apparent satisfaction and approval of his captive.

"He's a great bird, that," said his master, turning suddenly; and I was about to assent, when my reply was cut short by the appearance of another visitor in the form of an old Indian.

As he approached us his eye rested upon the bird, which had for so long held our attention, and over his leathery countenance crept an expression of mingled amazement and concern, while an audible grunt gave voice to the emotions that swelled within him.

"Cultus!" he growled, and his face glowed with a scornful fire of hatred. "Ach! 's no good, —ach!" A flood of broken English, Chinook and Indian concluded his introductory remarks.

Neither my friend nor myself made any effort to respond, for we knew that more was yet to be said. We were not wrong—for after a brief pause the soft, deep voice continued, waxing more and more eloquent as the story proceeded.

"Ach!—you don't believe me!—huh? Well, this true! Heem no good, heem bad cultus!—ach! Neber done no good to nobody. I tell you let heem go, or some day he'll call your name—and then—you die! Always like that! One day I chop wood in front of house. I hear noise in tree and look up. That fellow, there, he call three times—my name—slow! 'T-whoo--t-whoo, t-whoo! Peter!' Three times he call 'Peter.' Peter my name. I know what



he mean! I gó tell Cloochman. Cloochman shake head—'Nowitka'—she know, too, what that mean! Three days more old woman get letter. Her father dead! Her father name Peter. See! Heem call her father—that fellow not call me! Ach! all time he call name, man die!

"My tillicum go shoot in woods. Dat feller want heem,— call three times—slow, 't-whoo-t-whoo-t-whoo, Nukomis!' Gun go off crazy— Nukomis die! You believe me now, huh? I tell you let heem go! He call your name some day—three times! Slow! You hear—you know you goin' to die!"

As silently as he had entered the Indian turned on his heel and was gone, forgetful of the purchase he had intended to make, or perhaps not daring to trust himself longer in the sight of the dreaded Cheehaw.

My friend and I faced each other in silence, and when we finally spoke our conversation was upon an alien topic. But today, when I again visited the shop, the cage door hung open and the cage was empty.

—M.L.

Broken Threads

Down through the ages of the world in countries far away,

The weaver wove his "rug of life" and still does so today.

He wove the pattern in and out, and always thread by thread;

And into all a story went, in blues, or greens, or reds.

The tales those carpets tell us now depict a glorious past,

They make the Orient live again the years that faded fast.

With tiny threads the carpet sped and grew its pages bright.

For oftentimes did the weaver choose to add another light,
To make his work eternal, vivid, and of deeper view—

He took another thread and 'gan to weave the web anew
With grander theme. At last, the weaving of life's story o'er,

The weaver laid him down to rest and slept for evermore.
A monument his carpet is, o'er which the whole world treads—

A glorious, living story book of numerous broken threads.

So is it then with each of us who tread the path of Life,

The pleasures of our happiest days are often mixed with strife;
And though we would our story weave with one unbroken thread,

It must not be—it can not be—for when our tale be read,
How dull and wearisome would be the words we'd woven there.

But if, like Oriental carpets, our stories would be fair,
Then like their weaver must we weave and bind our broken threads,

And with the darker tones—its cares—we'll mingle gayer reds.
Each thread we break will help us make a carpet of delight,

The friendships and the comraderies we'll trace in colors bright;
They'll never die, those memories dear, they'll never fade away,

For they'll be traced in colors fast, defying time's long sway.
And in between and all around we'll weave one thread the best—

"Twill be the thread of Normal days and the good old P. N. S.

—G. E. P.



The Chinook Wind

Sweet blew the wind from the southwest,
Wild and free.

The Chinook wind from the southwest,
Warm from the sea.

I heard it sigh from the trees o'erhead,
I heard it call to the Crocus' bed.
'Neath magic spell the snowbanks fled,
That weird spring morn.

Down through the pass of the mountain
Far and away.
Over the prairies, foiling
Winter's grim sway.

A leaping rush to the Arctic shore,
Lost midst the barrens of Labrador,
'Til, baffled at last, it blew no more,

The Chinook wind. —Winnifred Blackett.

To You

Ah, me! The years that have gone by! To think that once I, I too, was a Normalite—a happy, carefree Normalite. And yet in those days did I feel carefree? No, sir! Such rush and worry and that awful strained suspense while waiting for my "crit." I hear they do not now exist—those "crits," I mean. How sad—for truly they gave to us as much or more of joy than sorrow. And then the dear old crowd! Truly, "I'd give the world to see that old gang of mine."

My, but we had some good times together. What fun there was at our picnic to be sure. Out in the B. C. E. Interurban trams to Deep Bay, and then a gorgeous lunch, swimming and sports were ours. After supper we built a huge fire on the beach, and sang around it. Such songs! We were so happy—with yet a shade of wistful sadness,—for soon, ah, soon we should be parted; never to meet again in the same old way.

Dear "present" Normalites, you may and surely will have many happy days to come, but oh, do not forget **today** and the past year are yours forever. The joys and sorrows you have felt within these walls will bless you years from now.

May you all find success and true happiness in this your great service to the world as **teachers**. Yours,

—An ex-Normalite (E. M. D.)

FROM "RABBI BEN EZRA"

Rejoice that we are allied
To That which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive!
A spark disturbs our clod;
Nearer we hold of God.
Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must believe.



The Pouce Coupe

THIS beautiful valley is situated in the south-eastern corner of the Peace River block at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. It comprises a considerable area of arable land, only waiting for the pioneer to turn the prairie sod into a garden of beauty. Many people say it is a forsaken country, but here my explanation is given in these words, "Come and see it for yourself; I am sure you will like it."

Our climate is, of course, unlike that of Victoria. In winter we get a cold snap about fifty below zero, but it does not last long, and we do not notice it very much. As for the snow—we do not get as much as some people imagine. We have our welcome friends, the Chinooks, once or twice every winter. In summer the thermometer is often registered at 90 degrees in the shade. Then we get about three hours of darkness and twenty-one hours of daylight.

Most people to whom I have spoken think that this part of the country is both wild and uninhabited. This idea is altogether wrong, and considering the fact that as yet there is no railroad connection, I think the country has developed surprisingly. Many of the farmers have their cars, all have up-to-date farming equipment. Telephones and radios are not at all uncommon.

The people of this district are of different races and denominations. It is quite common to send children to school who can not speak a word of English. The dominating races are British, American, French, Italian, Belgian, Polish, German and Indian.

The main industries are farming, especially hog-raising and lumbering. Trapping is carried on in the winter time and furs amounting to a large sum are sold every year. Coal, oil and natural gas are found in this district. When the railroad, which has been expected for many years, is put through, these resources will, of course, be developed.

The four main centres are Pouce Coupe, Rolla, Dawson Creek and Kilkerran—where one may find good stores and dance-halls. Kilkerran also has a picture show.

Do we have all the sports and good times you have? I should say so! In winter we have good hockey games, and in summer tennis.

If the word "sports" is mentioned in the Pouce Coupe country in the summer it refers to the annual summer feast to which people come for miles around for two days' recreation and amusement.

Here cowboys and Indians parade the grounds in their picturesque costumes and engage in stunts, such as lassoing, bucking, racing, jumping, boxing, and wagon-racing. All the people look forward to this occasion, and every child saves up its pennies for weeks ahead.

I hope that this little description has given you a little better idea of what our home is really like.

—The Marions.

Mr. Hickman (out practice-teaching): "Johnnie! Billy is snoring. Wake him up."

Billy: "Wake him up yourself. You put him to sleep."



Broken Toys

CHARACTERS:

Broken Toys—1, Soldier; 2, Dutch Doll; 3, Golliwog; 4, Baby Doll.

Santa Claus, Fairy Queen; Attendants—3 Fairies, 3 Elves

Jack—Poor little boy. Betty—Poor little girl.

Mother.

TIME—CHRISTMAS EVE.

Scene I.—Setting:

A simply furnished room decorated for Christmas. An open fireplace, stockings hanging up ready to be filled. A long curtain in front of a window; a door at side. The four Broken Toys lying discarded in centre of floor. The Toys would be the smallest children I could get and the costumes as simple as possible. The Soldier has his leg and head bandaged up; the Golliwog has his arm in a sling; the Dutch Doll has lost one sabot and has a piece of sticking plaster stuck on her nose; the Baby Doll is sadly in need of a new dress.

SCENE I.

DUTCH DOLL (sitting up)—I don't know what we have done to deserve this; it makes my button shiver to think of it.

THE GOLLIWOG—Oh, dear! What shall we do?

(A sound of sobbing from the Baby Doll. The curtain in front of the window parts, and a fairy steps into the room).

THE FAIRY—Crying! on Christmas Eve! What is the matter, Toys? I was flying past your window and heard you, no one shall be unhappy on Christmas Eve.

THE SOLDIER (saluting)—If you please, your Ladyship, we are crying because the children who live here will have fresh toys when Santa Claus comes here tonight, and we heard their mother say that she would 'throw these old toys out before the children get up'.

BABY DOLL—Think how cold it will be out there in the snow!

GOLLIWOG—And with no one to love us at all!

DUTCH DOLL—We are old toys now and very shabby, but I'm sure we don't deserve to be thrown away like this.

FAIRY—Oh, that will never do, we must think of something. (Suddenly she claps her hands and skips around the room). I have it! I have it! We must ask Santa Claus, he will be here soon. Hark! I hear him now. (Toys and Fairy listen; a sound of bells outside; Santa Clause comes hurrying in, his sack on his back).

SANTA CLAUS—Hey-day! what's the matter here? All good toys should be asleep upon their shelves when I come. (He starts to fill the stockings).

FAIRY (stepping forward)—Santa Claus, these poor toys are in great trouble—now that you have brought new toys for the children that live here, these toys are to be thrown away. (The Soldier sighs and the Dutch Doll wipes her eyes again).



SANTA CLAUS (rubbing his whiskers reflectively)—Bless me, how very unfortunate! I really can't allow that to happen. We must call a meeting at once. (He turns to the Fairy): You go and fetch the Fairy Queen, my dear, we'll see what she can do about it. (Fairy runs out and Santa Claus sits down, Toys grouped around him).

DUTCH DOLL (facing audience)—

When the wind slips through the tree-tops
With a long and rustling sigh,
When the cat, curled on the hearth-rug,
Winks a sleepy emerald eye—
Did you ever dream of fairies
In their cloud-boats drifting by?

BABY DOLL (coming forward)—

Have you heard their tapping footsteps
Running pitter patter by—
In the swishing of the raindrops,
Helter-skelter from the sky?

GOLLIWOG (coming forward)—

You shall really see a fairy
If you think you'd like to try.

(Tap, tap, at the door. The Soldier opens it. Enter the Fairy Queen and her attendants, 3 elves and 3 fairies, hand in hand. Santa Claus comes forward to greet the Fairy Queen).

Elves and Fairies—a short little dance around Santa Claus and Queen. The Toys in the background.

FIRST FAIRY (to Santa Claus)—

We have come to do your bidding,
This one night in the year
When Santa's King of Fairyland,
And King of Christmas cheer.

(Fairy Queen taps her wand on the floor and the fairies seat themselves at side of room).

QUEEN (turning to Santa)—For one night in the year only, we must obey another. On Christmas Eve we serve Santa Claus alone. What is your wish?

SANTA (pointing to Toys)—Your majesty, these poor toys are old and broken, and when the morning comes they are to be thrown away. On Christmas Day I can allow no one to be unhappy. What can your fairy magic do for them?

QUEEN (after thinking a minute)—Why, first of all, we must mend them, then we can decide what to do next. (The Toys sit up eagerly). The poor things certainly do look shabby, but we will alter that. (She claps her hands, and a fairy and an elf run up to her.) To Fairy: Bright Eyes, go quickly to my court dressmaker and fetch me a new dress for the Baby Doll. (She turns to elf): Beppo, to the fairy cobbler and fetch me a new sabot for the Dutch Doll.

(Fairy and elf run out. Toys come forward to centre of room, one by one. The Queen waves her wand over them; the other fairies undo the



bandages on the Soldier and take them off; Santa produces a new sword and drum from his pack; the Golliwog's arm is taken from the sling; the Dutch Doll has a new shoe and her nose is mended by taking the plaster off; Baby Doll has her new dress arranged by the fairies. When all is finished the fairies step back and the Toys dance gayly around Santa and Queen, the fairies keeping time with their wands. Toys and Fairies fall back).

SANTA—I thank your majesty for your kindness, but now what shall we do with the toys?

QUEEN (claps her hands, elves and fairies bow before her)—Go, my subjects, out into all the world. Search until you find a home where Christmas has not come—where the children have no toys, and where these toys will be loved and cared for. Hasten away, we will await you here. (Fairies bow and run out).

CURTAIN (a few minutes interval)

SCENE II.

The same room, changed a little; emptier and poorer looking; no decorations; bed in corner; a mother, poorly dressed, sitting close up to a tiny fire, knitting busily.

(Enter two children, ready for bed, each carrying a stocking).

BETTY—Mother, dear, we found a great big stocking each; will you help us hand them up so Santa Claus will fill them right up full?

JACK—Mother, do you think Santa Claus might bring me a soldier, and I do so want a golliwog.

(Unseen by the mother or children, two elves creep into the room and hide at the end of the bed, where they can be seen by the audience, but not by the children. They clap their hands softly when the soldier and golliwog are mentioned).

BETTY—And I do so want a Baby Doll and maybe a Dutch Doll too, like we saw in the store.

MOTHER—There, children, I have hung up your stockings, but you must not be disappointed if Santa does not come this year—he has so many, many little boys and girls to visit.

CHILDREN—But mother, he couldn't really forget us, could he? Oh, we know he couldn't.

MOTHER (sighing)—Well, dears, let's hope he won't. Now run and jump into bed, mother is very busy. (Children run and jump into bed—sleep. Mother lays down her work wearily).

MOTHER—Poor kiddies, it hurts so much to disappoint them, but I simply can't afford Christmas presents. We have hardly enough to eat as it is—but it is so hard for them. (Unseen, the two elves scamper out, waving their caps. The mother folds up her work and, rising, places an apple in each stocking. She turns down the lamp and after looking at the children and covering them goes softly out. For a moment the room is empty, but light throws shadows on the walls. There is no sound except the quiet breathing of the sleeping children. Then the door is pushed open; an elf capers in, looks at the children, and then opens the door wide and turns up the lamp).

Enter (on tip-toe) Queen, Santa, Fairies and Toys.



Santa begins to fill the stockings, the elves handing him things from his sack. Then Santa arranges the Toys on the hearthrug below the stockings; elves and fairies at side of room.

QUEEN (turning to Toys and waving wand over them)—To you I give a fairy gift. While you belong to these children you shall never grow old or shabby; you shall be loved and cared for by these two children. Fare thee well! (The Toys kneel before the Queen as she speaks, then regroup themselves on the hearthrug).

QUEEN (turning to children, she waves her wand over them)—To you I give good luck that should come to all children at Christmas time. Care for the Toys we have left in your charge, and happiness will never leave your home. (She turns away). Come, my people, the hour grows late, we have tarried long enough. Soon the dawn of another Christmas day will break—‘on earth, peace and good-will to men’—she waves her wand around the room and goes out. Elves and fairies follow hand in hand. Santa Claus picks up his sack and follows fairies to the door; he pauses, looks back at the children, then at his sack. Suddenly he picks up his sack and places it on the floor beside the children’s bed. He smiles at the Toys and then goes quickly out after turning down the lamp. Somewhere a clock chimes six; the children stir in their sleep—the Toys smile at one another and rub their eyes).

CURTAIN.

—Joyce Edgecumbe.

(This was considered one of the best primary plays submitted at Christmas).

A Model Experience

THE Normalite, who hoped some day to be a teacher, entered the classroom to teach the first lesson. The presiding teacher greeted her pleasantly, “How-do-you-do, Miss —.” The young person smiled weakly, “How-d’you-do—I-I-think I’m supposed to be here.”

The student-teacher walked to the back of the room and dropped into a chair. Had there been no chair there, she would have dropped anyway, but as there was a chair there she dropped into it. A sigh of temporary relief escaped her lips. Then the awful thought entered her head—Lesson plan! Here it was in this book. No, that was not it! Where had she put the beastly thing! Book after book was searched frantically, and finally the lesson plan, the most innocent lesson plan, was found in the last book—of course it would be the last book.

A bell sounded outside telling her that school would begin. A sickly feeling came over her. She had a mental picture of forty little imps coming pell-mell into the room, jumping over desks, knocking each other down and not paying the least attention to her. If only SOMETHING would happen to prevent her from teaching that awful lesson. Why did she ever think that she could be a teacher? Evidently nothing was going to happen, though!

The children came into the room and took their seats in an orderly



manner. It was queer they were not running wild. "Will you please take the class now, Miss —?"

The teacher-to-be smiled—that is, she tried to, but she could never be quite sure if she did. She glanced at the door, the windows. There was no possible chance of escape. She must take charge of the class as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

She got to the front of the room somehow—she could never tell exactly how she did it—and opened her lips to speak. But no sound came. Surely she had not lost her powers of speech! She tried again, this time with more success. "Class, today we are going to learn about—."

Good heavens! She had never intended to introduce her lesson like that. Well, this was no time to try to think of an introduction. She plunged ahead and soon found that to her surprise she was enjoying her lesson.

A knock at the door, and the young person heard the familiar voice of Mr.—. Immediately the bottom fell out of her world. Every idea she had ever possessed vanished. She stared stupidly at the class for a moment—it seemed an hour to her, and then told the class to sit up, to pay attention, and did they think she was going to wait all day? Of course, this was all unnecessary, but evidently it did the work. Gradually she retrieved her mental balance and her ideas slipped back into her head one by one. She got along somehow. Time after time she repeated herself. She did not care. Her one and only thought was to get through.

At last it was over. She slipped into the chair at the back, feeling like less than nothing. Was ever a lesson such a hopeless failure? She wished she had never seen a Normal School! She did not dare to look at Mr.—. The sound of a voice brought her back to earth. "That was a very good lesson you taught, Miss —," he was saying, "I liked very much the emphasis you gained through repetition."

The student looked at Mr.—, and then began to laugh. Of course, she should not have laughed, but she could not help it.

"I said your lesson was good, Miss —."

Isn't life a funny thing? —Gladys M. Fotheringham.

We Wanna Know

"That's where they have cowboys, boy."

"Say, what do we have next period?"

"I'll poke 'is blinkin' eyes ouid."

"Aye begorrah!"

"But, sir, I don't think I can."

"Hey—, how do you turn 'round on that foot-path?"

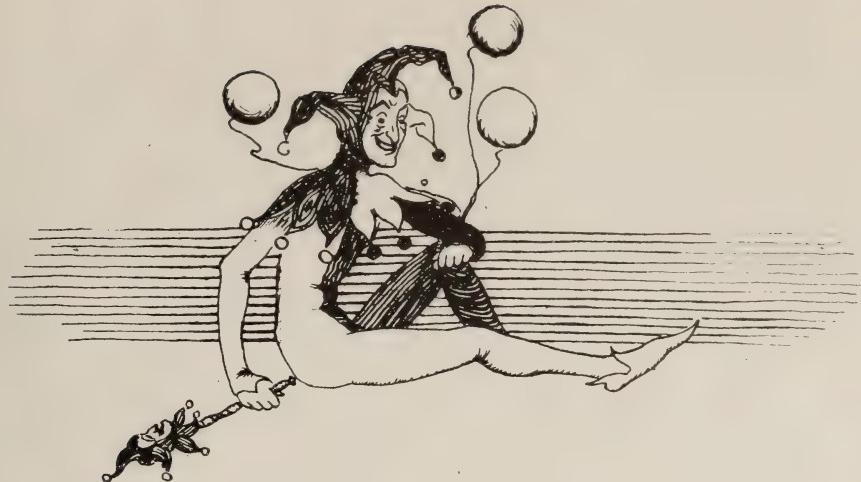
The result of a test given by one of our brilliant student-teachers:

Question: "What is mixed farming?"

Answer: "Grain-growing, poultry-raising, and stocking-raising."

Mr.—: "Now Miss—, put into your own words, 'A wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse'."

Class C Prodigy: "A spasmodic movement of the optic is as adequate as a slight indication of the cranium to an equine quadruped devoid of its visionary capacity."



Wilky: "You have mistaken your calling, I'm afraid."

Jack (surveying his landscape): "Do you really think so?"

Wilky: "Yes, you should have been a kalsominer."

* * * * *

Prof.: "Two prisoners looked out between the bars. One saw the mud; the other saw the stars." Read it, Miss Clarke."

Miss C.: "I don't think I can."

Prof.: "Well, try."

Miss C.: "Two prisoners looked out of the bar."

* * * * *

Mr. ——: "I'm going to give you a test on the psychology of Starch."

Googy: "Pretty stiff, eh!"

* * * * *

Mr. ——: "When you put a chameleon on a black blackberry he turns black, but when you put him on a green one he turns red."

Dick: "What would he do if you put him on a Scotch tartan?"

Mr. ——: "He would die."

* * * * *

Eureka! Mr. Ward found it! A "B" Class bun that he could eat!

* * * * *

Class "A" has a game which none of the other classes have. It was originated by Mr. Peake and is called the "Dumbells' Delight." One dumbell runs to the wall and gets the dumbell, and gives it to the last dumbell. That dumbell takes the dumbell up to the front and touches the next dumbell, and so on ad infinitum. The team that gets the most dumbells in the end wins the game.

* * * * *

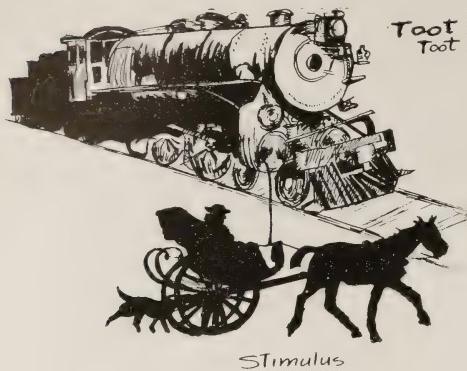
One of our Class "B" girls was expounding mightily upon a grammatical construction to a class of Grade 8'ers. All progressed favorably until she heard one of the foremost older boys whisper to her, "Say, girlie, what's the time?"

* * * * *

Father: "And do you work with perseverance at Normal, my dear?"

Gladys: "No, father, I work with Harry. I don't know any Percy at Normal."

NORMAL SCHOOL ANNUAL



Toot!
Toot!



Response

We suggest, for the benefit of future
Students, that no more lessons on the
Skunk cabbage be assigned.

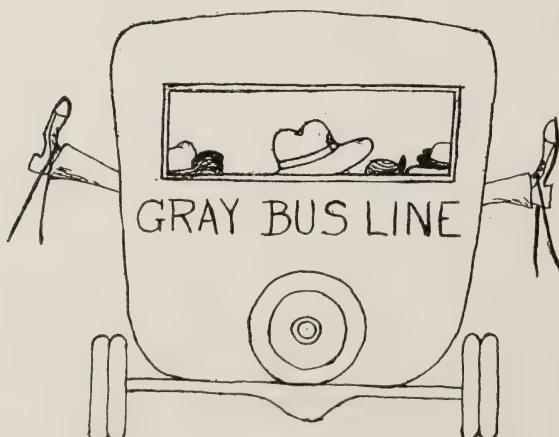
Land Drill



"This, children, is the *ictodes foetidus*
of the genus *arum*."



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